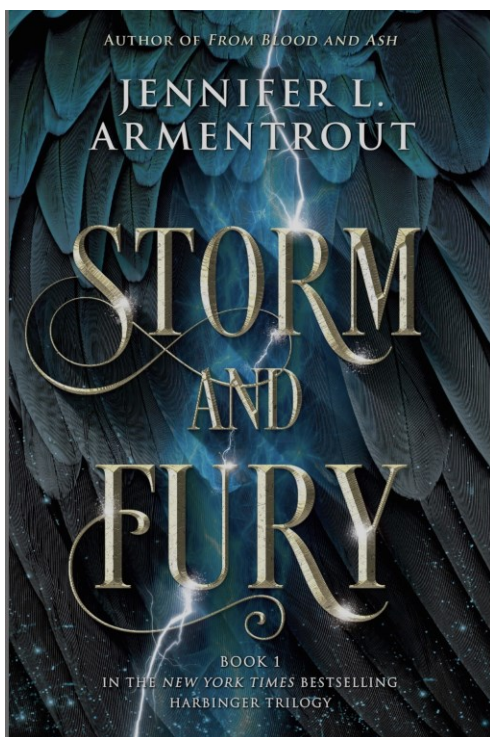


# STORM AND FURY: HARBINGER BOOK 1



*Young Adult*

**By Jennifer L. Armentrout**

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## **Book Summary:**

An eighteen-year-old woman with supernatural powers joins a group of protectors to fight evil forces invading earth.

## **Summary of Concerns:**

This book contains obscene sexual activities; sexual nudity; profanity; and violence.

**4** / 5

**Not For Minors**  
BookLooks Review Rating

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10	<p>Clay's lips touched mine, and they were warm and... dry. Surprise flickered through me. I thought they'd be, I don't know, wetter. But it was... nice, especially when the pressure of the kiss increased and his lips parted mine, and then it was more. His mouth moved against mine, and I kissed him back.</p> <p>I didn't want to stop him when the hand along the nape of my neck slid down my back, to my hip. That felt nice, too, and when he eased me down, I went with it, placing my hands on his shoulders as he hovered over me, using his arm to support his weight so he didn't crush me.</p> <p>...We kissed and kissed, and those kisses weren't dry anymore, and I liked the way his lower body had settled over mine, how it moved against mine, a mysterious rhythm that felt like it should be, could be, more—if I wanted that.</p> <p>...Then his hand was under my shirt and up, over my breast.</p> <p>Hold up.</p> <p>I reached down and grabbed his hand as I pulled away, separating his mouth from mine.</p> <p>"Whoa."</p> <p>"What?" His eyes were still closed, his hand was still on my breast and his hips were still moving.</p> <p>"I said just a kiss," I reminded him, tugging on his hand. "That's more than a kiss."</p> <p>"You're not having a good time?"</p> <p>...He pressed his mouth to mine, and that pressure was no longer nice.</p> <p>...Irritation flared to life like a lit match. Tightening my hand on his arm, I pulled it out from under my shirt. I pushed on his chest, breaking the kiss.</p>
125	<p>What if he found me... attractive? Yearning blossomed inside me. Like a flower seeking sun and water, it spread its roots deep. What if he wanted to kiss me?</p>
159	<p>"Misha and I kissed once. Well, actually, I kissed him, and it was really weird since he's like my brother—it felt supergross."</p>
174	<p>Zayne was naked—naked and wet.</p> <p>My eyes widened. Okay, he wasn't completely naked. He did have a dark blue towel wrapped around his lean hips, but that towel hung indecently low. There were indents on either side of his hips, and I had no idea how he got muscles there.</p> <p>...There was also this very interesting fine dusting of hair a little darker than blond that trailed from his navel and farther down...</p> <p>Heat blossomed in my stomach and flushed my skin. It felt like it was the dead of summer, not early June, and I was wearing a turtleneck and a jacket.</p> <p>...God, he was... He was stunning, and I needed to stop gawking at him, but I couldn't seem to help myself.</p> <p>...Those hips shifted and he seemed to spread his thighs. "I'm starting to feel a little violated over here."</p> <p>..."You're staring at me like you've never seen a guy before."</p> <p>"I am not! And I've seen guys—lots of them."</p> <p>One eyebrow rose perfectly. "So, you see a lot of naked guys?"</p> <p>My eyes narrowed. "No, that's not what I meant."</p> <p>"That's what you implied."</p> <p>Truth was I'd never seen a guy completely naked... or this undressed.</p>
179	<p>"Clay was always... nicer to me than most here. I mean, the Wardens aren't rude or anything, but they don't pay attention to me. Last week I was hanging out with him... and</p>

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	<p>we kissed.”</p> <p>...“Anyway, I was cool with it at first, but he got supergrabby, and when I told him to stop, he didn’t at first. I mean, I made him stop. If I couldn’t have done that, I don’t know if he would’ve...”</p>
191	<p>“I said it would be my pleasure.” Those pale eyes fixed on mine.</p> <p>“Then your idea of pleasure must really differ from mine.”</p> <p>“You know...” He rolled his lower lip between his teeth. “I’m going to have to agree with that. Come on, get your blades and I’ll walk you back.”</p>
194	<p>His body shifted and settled between my legs, lining our bodies up in a very interesting place. His lean torso and legs pressed against mine in a way that made me think of other things—things that didn’t involve fighting, but did include less clothing.</p> <p>...Zayne didn’t move off me, and I thought he would’ve by now, but he was still above me, those pupils continuing to stretch. His full lips parted.</p> <p>I... I wanted him.</p> <p>I’d never really felt desire before, but it was burning me up from the inside. Want. Need. This was what had been missing when I’d kissed someone before. This was what yearning really felt like, and as I lifted my head off the mat, bringing our mouths so close that I could taste his breath on my lips, I thought I might drown in it. Zayne didn’t pull away.</p> <p>...I kissed him.</p> <p>It wasn’t much of a kiss at first, just a brushing of my lips against his, and when he didn’t move, I pressed harder, feeling a shivery rush at the touch of our mouths all the way to the tips of my toes. I touched his lips with the tip of my tongue, licking him.</p> <p>His hands tightened around my wrists and then loosened. A stuttered heartbeat later, his hands moved, sliding down my arms, the rough calluses along his palms causing my breath to catch.</p> <p>And then I wasn’t the only one doing the kissing.</p> <p>Zayne pressed down, his warm lips moving against mine for the briefest, hottest second, and then he was gone.</p>
197	<p>Standing in front of the mirror, I tried to tug the bodice of the borrowed dress up, but the moment I let go, it slipped down, giving me cleavage for days and then some.</p>
309	<p>He placed the jar on the counter. “I need you undressed from the waist up.”</p> <p>“What?” I gaped at him. “Usually a guy tells me I’m pretty before he demands that I take my shirt off.”</p> <p>He shot me a bland look. “Is that all it takes for you to take your shirt off? You’re very pretty, Trinity.”</p> <p>...“That’s not all that it takes, thank you very much, and you didn’t even sound like you meant that.”</p> <p>“Oh, I meant it.”</p> <p>...There was a tiny part of me that was... disappointed he wasn’t trying to get me naked because he was attracted to me.</p>
312	<p>His fingers brushed the side of my breast, and my skin felt strangely warm as I lifted my gaze to the mirror.</p> <p>All I could see was him standing behind me, so incredibly tall and broad, his golden head bowed as he concentrated on what he was doing.</p> <p>Seeing him behind me so didn’t help cool my skin down.</p> <p>“What is Jasmine like?” I asked, trying not to think about the fact I was utterly topless.</p>

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314	<p>And that was true, but as we both fell silent, I could no longer ignore Zayne’s hands on my skin and how they were making me feel. It was like electricity flowed from his fingers over my skin, and when those long fingers brushed the sensitive swell near my ribs, I sucked in a soft breath.</p> <p>...I was immediately snared, feeling hot and dizzy, like I’d been sitting out, sunning on the sandy white beaches, and even though he wasn’t touching me any longer, I could still feel his palms and fingers. I couldn’t stop wondering what would happen if I dropped the towel.</p> <p>Every muscle in my body locked up. Drop my towel and be topless in front of Zayne? My God, he’d have a stroke. What was I thinking?</p> <p>But I wanted to, because I wanted... I wanted to feel his hands on my skin again. I wanted to feel his mouth on mine, and this time I wanted him to kiss me.</p>
316	<p>Well, the messy, half-fallen topknot was all me, but the glassy eyes, parted lips and flushed skin looked nothing like me. Another fine shiver danced its way over my skin as heat pooled low in my core. Zayne wasn’t even in the bathroom with me anymore, but I could still feel his hands on the skin of my back, along my sides to where just the tips of his fingers had grazed the sides of my breasts.</p> <p>...What I was feeling was just my body reacting to the touch of someone I was attracted to, and I was attracted to Zayne, but that was all, just a... a carnal attraction, one that I was positive wasn’t two-sided.</p> <p>...My breath hitched. That would complicate things, wouldn’t it? My body didn’t care about that at all, though. Neither did that primal part of my brain that was suddenly flashing images to accompany the memory of his bare hands, slippery and smooth against my skin, and those images were as clear as reality.</p> <p>...His gaze met mine in the mirror. “I thought you’d be dressed,” he said.</p> <p>“I...” I really had no idea what to say as I turned to him, figuring the towel was more discreet than my bare back. “I, um, I’m still wet.”</p> <p>Those pale eyes flared with wintry heat as his gaze dipped. “Really?” he said, and I swore it sounded like a purr against my skin.</p> <p>My face burned as I realized what I’d said and how that could be perceived.</p>
319	<p>A humming warmth traveled through my veins. “I’m sure there’re better things you could be doing than rubbing gunk all over my back.”</p> <p>“You’re right. I could be doing better things with my time,” he replied.</p> <p>Ouch.</p> <p>The warmth vanished.</p> <p>“But that doesn’t mean I wasn’t enjoying myself,” he added, and my gaze shot to his. A half grin played at his lips.</p>
324	<p>“Some people find it tiresome, but I find it wildly entertaining. I’m just waiting for the moment when their passionate arguing turns into passionate lovemaking.”</p>
363	<p>Zayne was on me in a heartbeat.</p> <p>I squeaked as he caught me, lifting me clear off my feet as he held me to his chest. He pivoted, pressing me back against the cool metal of a maintenance shed. Like the night in the subway, there was no space between us, and I don’t know exactly when I’d curled my legs around his lean waist, but I had and I liked it.</p> <p>A lot.</p> <p>...“You’re out of your mind.” One hand slid from my waist, over my hip, down to my thigh.</p>

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	<p>His hand clenched, the sharp claws snagging the thin fabric of the leggings. Okay. He knew what he was doing.</p> <p>“You’re utterly reckless and completely impulsive,” he continued, and I tipped my head back against the shed, finding it difficult to get air into my lungs. “If you do something like that again...”</p> <p>“What?” I squeezed his shoulders as his wings lifted and came down, cocooning us. Before, the utter darkness had caused me to panic, but now, it made me bold, like I could do anything in the shelter he created. “What are you going to do?”</p> <p>“Something.” His words were hot against my neck, causing all my muscles to tense. My fingers touched the edges of his hair. “You need to give me a little more detail on that,” I told him. “Because I’m a hundred percent going to do that again.”</p> <p>“I’m going to need to get a leash for you.” He shifted his body and my entire body seem to jerk against the unexpected hardness between his hips.</p> <p>Oh God.</p> <p>My heart was pounding as heat pooled. “If you got a leash for me, I’d choke you with it.” His husky chuckle burned my lips. “You would.”</p> <p>“Yes,” I told him, agreeing and giving permission for something he hadn’t asked for but I wanted to give him. Something I think he wanted to give me.</p> <p>He was so still and so quiet and then he said, “The second you kissed me in the training rooms, I knew you were going to be trouble.”</p> <p>...Then the barest brush of his lips against mine caused my entire body to arch. My lips parted, giving him access, and I felt the wicked tip of one fang against my lip. I shuddered against Zayne, and he made this deep, throaty groan that was nearly my undoing.</p> <p>“We shouldn’t...” He trailed off, dragging that sharp fang across my lower lip.</p> <p>...He laughed, low and soft against my lips. “Besides the fact this complicates things?”</p> <p>“I like complications.”</p>
376	<p>“You want to kiss me again, don’t you?”</p> <p>Every muscle in my body went tense. “Yes. I want—”</p> <p>Zayne kissed me.</p> <p>It was such a soft, beautiful kiss at first, his lips brushing across mine once, and then twice, and then the kiss deepened and there was nothing questioning or tentative about it. The kiss felt scorching, demanding and soul burning, a raw combination of pent-up need and explosive want.</p> <p>He pulled me to the very edge of the vanity as he came forward, pressing with his body between my legs, and when he kissed me again, he left me breathless and exposed like a live wire. I curled my legs around his lower back as I slid a hand down his chest, mindful of the healing wound. His hand slid under my arm, down my back, and I thought I might be getting drunk on his kisses.</p> <p>And then he was lifting me off the sink, backing up as I clutched at his shoulders and then the soft strands of his hair. He nipped at my lips as he bumped into the wall, and I laughed into his kiss, and he growled back at me. Somehow we made it into the bedroom and then he was laying me on the bed and he was coming over me, his body large and warm as he braced himself above me.</p> <p>With the light of the bedroom to guide me, I reached out and touched his face. He turned into the touch, nuzzling my palm as he shuddered. When his eyes opened, I swore they glowed.</p> <p>...“There’s something I should tell you.”</p>

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	<p>“What?” My gaze searched his face as I drew my fingers over the curve of his cheek. He turned his chin, kissing my fingertips. “I’ve... I’ve never done this before.” My fingers stilled. My entire body stilled as his words sunk through. “You mean... you haven’t done this?”</p> <p>“Well, I’ve done this. I’ve done... stuff, but I haven’t had sex.”</p> <p>...“I don’t know where this is leading,” I said, tracing the curve of his shoulder. “I just know that I like you, Zayne. I really like you, and that has nothing to do with everything else that’s going on. I want you, but we... we don’t have to do that.”</p> <p>“No, we don’t.” He lowered his head and kissed the corner of my mouth, then he spoke again. “But there is other... stuff we can do.”</p> <p>And this time, when Zayne kissed me, he sipped from my lips, drank from my moans, as he ran his thumb over my cheek, tracing the bone. His touch was featherlight, but I stirred restlessly. Lust pricked my skin as he moved his fingertips down my throat, over my shoulder.</p> <p>A small sigh escaped me.</p> <p>I hadn’t been lying when I said I liked him—that I liked him a lot, and knowing that, feeling that, scared me a little. He was the first guy I’d ever been really attracted to, but it was so much more than that. It was his strength and his kindness, his beliefs, even the ones that had shocked me in the beginning, and his quick-wittedness. It was his inherent protectiveness, and even when he doubted himself, it somehow made him... human to me.</p> <p>Something else lingered at the fringes of my thoughts, a sense of familiarity with him, of many moving pieces finally clicking into place.</p> <p>It just felt right.</p> <p>Zayne felt right.</p> <p>Slowly, he moved his hand down the center of my chest. “You have no idea how long I’ve thought about this.”</p> <p>I placed my hand on his side, moving it toward his back, kneading the cords of bunched muscles. He dropped his hand to my hip and tugged me down, along the bed. Then he rose above me, using one arm to support his weight. Using one thigh, he parted mine and then lowered himself. Hard lines pressed against soft ones, and when he moved against me in a slow, undulating grind, I gasped and stiffened at the bolt of pleasure it sent through me.</p> <p>“Is this okay?” he asked.</p> <p>“Yeah. Yes. Totally.”</p> <p>He chuckled against my mouth as he rocked his hips again. Following his lead, I tipped mine up as he shifted his head, moving his lips across the cheek he’d caressed moments before. “Have you thought about this? Us? Wondering what it would be like?”</p> <p>“Yes,” I whispered, spreading my legs, cradling his body. “I have.”</p> <p>His remaining hand slid up the flare of my hip, up my stomach. He stopped just below my breasts, his thumb brushing over the swell. My breath caught as his kisses reached the corner of my mouth again. I turned my head slightly. Our lips brushed.</p> <p>“You don’t have to worry about this going too far,” he said.</p> <p>My fingers curled against the skin. “I’m not. Are you?”</p> <p>“Always,” he murmured, and before I could question what he meant by that, he brought his head to the space between my neck and shoulder. Lowering his hands to my hips, he nuzzled my neck. He let his hand stray higher, nearly reaching the peak of my breast.</p>

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	<p>I didn't move, didn't say anything. Just waiting... waiting to see what he'd do.</p> <p>"You tell me when to stop and I will."</p> <p>"I know." My voice was thick, raw. "I... I trust you."</p> <p>Zayne stilled and then he pulled away. For a moment, I worried that I'd somehow said the wrong thing, but then his hands reached for the hem of my shirt. "I would like to see you, touch you... taste you."</p> <p>His words sent a dark shudder through me. "Yes."</p> <p>He lifted up my shirt and I rose on shaky elbows as he pulled it off over my head and then my shorts went next. His sharp intake of breath was lost in the pounding of my heart. I lay back down, left only in thin undies, knowing that with his Warden eyes, he could see everything, and I fought the urge to cover my chest.</p> <p>"You're beautiful, Trinity."</p> <p>Then he lowered his head, flicking his tongue over a particularly sensitive part, causing me to moan and clutch his shoulders. He laughed against the skin of my breast, but it quickly turned to a groan as my hands ventured farther south, flattening over his lower stomach. He felt like satin stretched over rock, and I was enthralled by the way his muscles bunched under my touch.</p> <p>I lifted my gaze as my fingers trailed over each hard ripple. "You're perfect."</p> <p>"Mmm?" He pressed down, moving his hand and then his tongue to my other breast. "Do you want me to stop?"</p> <p>"No. Not at all. Not even remotely."</p> <p>"The best thing I've heard all year."</p> <p>My laugh ended in a gasp as Zayne rolled me over him and sat up, my knees sliding on either side of his hips as he pulled me onto his lap. I gasped as the softest part of me pressed down on the hardest part of him. He still had his pajama bottoms on and I was still in my undies, but I could feel every inch of him.</p> <p>His fingers sifted through my hair as his hand curved around the back of my head. He tugged my mouth to his and kissed me as I clenched his shoulders, allowing myself to settle into him. His answering groan sent shock waves through me.</p> <p>"This seems very un-Warden-like," I whispered.</p> <p>The hand at my hip tightened. "You'd be shocked by all the un-Warden-like things going through my head right now."</p> <p>I shuddered, feeling dizzy and warm and alive. "Then show me."</p> <p>And he did.</p> <p>My head fell back as my breath came out in short gasps. His hands and mouth were greedy, and I loved it. My lower body started moving in tiny circles, and good God, I thought I could feel his pulse through the cotton of his pants.</p> <p>I couldn't remember ever feeling like this, definitely not with Clay and not when I touched myself. This was... God, this was so much more; it felt like molten lava was running through my veins. Desire swirled inside me, leaving me feeling out of control and dazed. My body arched into his, aching for him in such a way that it almost frightened me, but I did trust him. I trusted him with everything.</p> <p>And when his mouth tugged on my breast and his tongue rasped over my skin, I stopped thinking. It was all about feeling and the raw, exquisite sensations shooting down to my core, warming and dampening me.</p> <p>My hands slipped over abs that dipped and rippled. My hips rocked against him, and when he whispered in my ear, his voice was thick, smoky. I was panting against his mouth, my</p>

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	<p>fingers trembling as they slipped over his skin and wrapped around the band of his bottoms. He was grabbing them, too, shoving the fabric down as he rose just enough to get the material to his thighs, and then there was nothing between us.</p> <p>“God,” he growled against my mouth.</p> <p>His hand clasped my hip, urging me to move, to take what I wanted, but I didn’t need urging. My body moved against his and he moved against me. The heat of his body, the friction and the dampness, and the way he nipped at my mouth—it was all too much and not enough. Tension between my legs built quickly, stealing my breath, shocking me. The coil tightened deep inside me, and our movements became almost frantic. His growl of approval seared my skin, igniting the fire, and I came in a blinding rush, muscles tightening and loosening all at once. Never, ever had I felt something so powerful, so deliciously obliterating.</p> <p>Zayne’s quickly followed, the hoarse, soul-deep shout smothering my cries as the release shook us, and then his mouth was on mine and he kissed me, and he kept kissing me as if he wished to not simply taste me, but devour my very being, and I... I wanted to be devoured.</p> <p>I didn’t know it was even possible to be kissed like that.</p> <p>I don’t know how, but we ended up on our sides, our faces inches apart, our legs tangled and his one arm under my ribs, curled around me, and the other around my waist. I didn’t think I was ever going to breathe normally as we lay there, my heart still pounding.</p> <p>“That was...” I cleared my throat. “I didn’t know it could feel like that without even, you know, doing it.”</p> <p>Zayne’s arms tightened and he pulled me to his chest, flesh against flesh. “I didn’t, either.” I smiled, and when he kissed the corner of my lips again, my smile grew.</p>
384	<p>I bit down on my lower lip, thinking about last night, about the way he touched me and made me feel, how he held me through the night.</p> <p>...Zayne had stayed with me all night, and not only that, he’d kissed me this morning—kissed me so sweetly that just thinking about it now caused my chest to feel like there was a balloon inflated there.</p>
385	<p>“I also can’t believe I’m still surprised by anything.”</p> <p>“Same,” I agreed.</p> <p>“I also can’t believe what you two were doing last night.”</p> <p>My eyes widened as I lowered my voice. “Were you creeping on us?”</p> <p>“No. Come on. That would be gross.” He paused. “But there was literally nowhere for me go in this place where I couldn’t hear you two.”</p>
389	<p>Angling his body toward Layla, he curled his fingers along her jaw and tilted her head back. He kissed her, and boy, did he kiss her.</p> <p>...I had no idea, and it wasn’t like I was going to kiss him or he was going to kiss me like that—though that would be nice—so I turned and started toward where Roth was waiting.</p>
412	<p>And I now knew why he’d never had sex before and why he hadn’t pushed for it with me.</p>
416	<p>“The first time I kissed you, you launched yourself off me like a rocket, and any other time we’ve gotten close, you’ve pulled away. It wasn’t like you jumped my bones last night. I had to... I had to convince you,” I whispered, stomach twisting as I realized that was true and I couldn’t look at him.</p>



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419	“I thought... I thought I did. Hell. For the last seven months, I thought I would only ever really want one person. Like really want to be with her, and that was how I felt until you laid my ass out in the training room. I wanted you then. Right there, on the damn mats. You have no idea how much restraint I had to use to not...” His hand curled in his lap, his knuckles bleaching white. “I don’t even think I ever wanted her like that. It was like a damn punch to the gut.”

Profanity	Count
Ass	32
Bitch	5
Dick	4
Fuck	4
Piss	6
Shit	18